

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 667.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1866.

VOL. XXVI. No. 16.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Ballad of the Weaver.

BY A. ABERNETHY COWLES.

All day she sits at her cottage door,
When the breath of the summer is sweet and warm,
When the sunlight flickers across the floor,
And the wild bees swim in a drowsy swarm.
All day long at her cottage door,
Fair in feature and dear of form,
Morning and evening,—over and o'er,
Weaves she in sunshine—weaves she in storm.
All day long—though the fields are green,
And shadowy woodlands tempt the sight—
With patient fingers and eyes serene,
She weaves, as she waits for her absent knight,
As fair a fabric as ever was seen,
With roses and lilies richly pied,
And the crimson petals are stained, I ween,
With drops of blood from her fingers white.
Whether he comes in the flush of June,
When the wild brier blooms at the cottage gate,
Whether he comes with the Autumn moon,
Whether he comes when the cuckoos mate;
Come he at dawning, come he at noon,
Come he early or come he late,
Little it matters, for one sweet tune
Singeth she ever—I wait! I wait!
Of all that ride in that knightly train,
One is noble and true, I know:
Surely he will come back again
And bear her away at his saddle bow.
All the longing and all the pain
She will breathe in whisperings soft and low,
And he'll kiss from her fingers the crimson stain
As they pass through the evening's tender glow.

The dry vine swings at the cottage gate;
The years have come and the years have flown;
With lips that hunger and eyes that wait,
The weaver sits at her task alone.
Morning and evening, early and late,
She weaves, and she makes no sigh or moan,
But the west of the fabric is dark as fate,
And the grace of the vision gone.

—
Otto Nicolai.

(Continued from page 323)

The state of affairs at the Imperial Operahouse, commonly called the Kärntherthor Theatre, was then, and is partially even at the present day, a peculiar one, as far as its management is concerned. This state of affairs we must shortly explain.

While, at nearly all the Court Theatres in the world, the management is conducted under the supreme direction of an Intendant appointed by the Government, it was carried on at the Kärntherthor Theatre, by two lessees, one of whom, Carlo Ballochino, attended to the German, and the other, Bartolomeo Morelli, to the Italian Opera, of which, during the months of April, May, and June, there were at least eighty performances. The lessees engaged and discharged the various ordinary officials connected with the administration, and possessed the power of proposing, nay more, partly of vetoing the engagement even of the officials and artists distinguished as "Imperial." In addition to these rights, and the advantages therefrom accruing, they received a yearly grant of 75,000 florins. They

were, however, bound to make good out of their own pocket any deficit; but then, on the other hand, all the profit there might be was theirs. Whether such a system of management, when it does not happen to be in the hands of perfectly disinterested patrons of art, is worthy of approval, and tends to the honor of the theatre, and whether it is, generally, advisable to entrust an Italian with full power to act as he pleases with German opera is a point to which we shall return in the course of our notice. For the present, we can only state that Opera was then in a really brilliant condition; and that the Operahouse, as it then was, was the only one in Germany where Nicolai could find a satisfactory sphere for his grand ideas. He had under his direction an admirable and experienced orchestra, comprehending, besides the 7 soloists, all first-rate artists, 20 violinists, 6 tenorists, 6 violoncellists, 6 double-bassists, 4 flautists, 4 oboists, 4 clarinetists, 4 French-horn players, 4 bassoonists, 4 trombonists, 4 trumpeters, and 2 kettle-drummers, over whom were, firstly: 3 orchestral-directors (Hellmesberger, Grutsch, and Groidl), and secondly: the *Capellmeisters*, Heinrich Proch and Reuling, Nicolai being at the head of all, as first *Capellmeister*.

As regards vocalists, again, he found in the German company distinguished names such as Mmes. Hasselt-Barth, Treffz, Nottes, Lutzer, (to whom were subsequently added Mmes. Stöckl-Heinefetter, Ney, and Zerr), as well as Herren Erl, Kraus, Pfister, (and afterwards Ander), Draxler, and Staudigl; in the Italian company, Mmes. Tadolini (afterwards replaced by Tachinardi-Persiani, Tedesco, and Alboni), Marini, Brambilla, Salvina, Signori Donzelli, Moriani, Badiali, Donatelli (subsequently Calzolari and Labozetta), and Rovere, the incomparable *bassofuso*.

Out of this rare assemblage, Nicolai, by his enthusiastic and inspiring zeal, and restless energy, produced a splendid whole, such as was never known since in any German theatre. His punctuality, conscientiousness, and patience, the intelligence with which, at rehearsals, he seized the meaning of the works he had to direct, and required an interpretation in keeping with that meaning, inspired every one with respect, and, most of all, those who had thought to find in him a frivolous, fickle *maestro* of the true Italian stamp. In consequence of this, the Imperial Operahouse, even in the first winter, again attained a position such as it had not held for years. The first opera which the new *Capellmeister* conducted was Mozart's *Don Juan*, followed, after two rehearsals, by Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Between the two acts of the latter, Nicolai had the grand overture to *Leonore* performed, an innovation which found a ready response and imitators at other theatres. At the earlier performances, it had always to be played twice, amid the most lively applause. After these works came revivals of Donizetti's *Martiri*, under the name of *Die Römer in Melitone*, which, however, did not please in its German dress, and *La Favorita*. Nicolai's talent in getting up and conducting works met with the most gratifying reception and appreciation.

But this did not satisfy the young *Capellmeister*. Just as he himself concentrated his own powers from every side upon all the points of the artistic perspective, having, for instance, immediately after his arrival in Vienna, set about studying most assiduously the German musical classics, he desired to procure the most varied means of display for the resources under his direction, and for this purpose the splendid orchestra, applied hitherto simply to opera, was eminently fitted. This was the first idea of the establishment of the

Philharmonic Society, which his restless zeal soon afterwards brilliantly succeeded in calling into existence. Taking for his models the Möser and Spontini "Sinfonie-Soirées," which he had attended in Berlin, he constituted the Philharmonic Concerts, the great feature of which was to be the most perfect possible execution of classical Symphonies and Overtures, with episodic performances by celebrated virtuosos and singers, for the sake of introducing an agreeable change. In order not to fatigue and deter the public, the programmes of each evening were to include as few pieces as possible, but their execution was to satisfy the highest expectations, and make up for the shortness of the entertainment. What a wide field of action was opened up by this bold idea for Nicolai! His indefatigable spirit alone could have overcome the manifold obstacles in the way; have collected a thoroughly good orchestra; interest the public for the works, which, with unexampled energy, he undertook carefully to select and get up; and, by his own warmth and enthusiasm in managing it, attach the public to the institution. By his establishment and management of the Philharmonic Concerts, the first of which took place on Easter Monday, 1842, Nicolai has made for himself a name never to be forgotten in the musical annals of Vienna, a fact that the public acknowledged by their attendance, which, after his departure, was never anything like as numerous. But Nicolai's rare talent as a conductor was so strongly displayed after he undertook the management of the orchestra at Vienna, that he stood quite alone in this particular, in which, perhaps, he had no real rival, except Mendelssohn. As a conductor he resembled a bronze column, supporting and keeping up the artistic body into which he had blended his various masses. A physician clears a path for his exertions by the confidence he inspires, and Nicolai's appearance as conductor was certain of a similar result. He wielded his conducting-stick with earnestness, prudence, and the greatest energy, so that not a single bar escaped his observation. He obtained delicate and nicely graduated effects from phrases apparently the most insignificant, and, as a rule, governed the waves of sound not as a mere helmsman, but tamed and swayed them like some governing spirit. Nicolai's mode of conducting was not only clever but interesting for an observer, since, in every instance, it produced a lively feeling of conscious certainty and infallible success.

The operas he conducted, as well as the Philharmonic Concerts, were thus a long series of the most honorable manifestations of his extraordinary talent, and rendered him, which was always a source of the greatest pride to him, a more popular favorite than almost any artist had been before.

The programme of the Philharmonic Concerts for 1842-3 included, also, the select works of the classical composers, and the admirable performances of that unrivaled violinist, Vieuxtemps, of the pianist Kullak (at present Pianist to the Court, and Professor in Berlin), and numerous singers. Concerning the first of these concerts in November, 1842, the correspondent of the Paris *Revue et Gazette Musicale* (series for 1843, No. 9), writes:—

"M. Nicolai, *Capellmeister* to the Court, gave a Philharmonic Concert in the large room of the Redoute. The orchestra was that of the Imperial Opera, and, as usual, distinguished itself for its ensemble, and brilliant execution, which must satisfy the severest critics most inclined to find fault. The programme included only four numbers, but all of classic worth, namely: Mozart's Symphony in G minor; two airs sung by Mmes. Hasselt and Lutzer, Kullak accompanying on the

piano; and, to conclude, Beethoven's Grand Symphony in C minor. Every thing was performed with marvellous precision, but Mozart's wonderful Symphony left far behind all that had been previously heard, as we venture unconditionally to assert. Never were the nicest gradations, all the lights and shadows of this magnificent tone-painting rendered with equal care and clever exactness. We owe M. Nicolai our profoundest thanks for his clever and sage conducting, which clearly proves with what seriousness and conscientiousness he has studied the works of our great masters. Let us hope, for the honor of the orchestra and our classic composers, that M. Nicolai will go on with these magnificent concerts."

Nicolai did go on, appreciated by the critics, the public, and his orchestra. The latter, in return for his invaluable services, commissioned Kriehuber to paint his portrait, which soon appeared in all the shop-windows of Vienna.

Elsewhere, too, people began to recognize his worth, and he experienced great pleasure at being named, in December, 1842, together with Spohr, and the son of Mozart, whom he enthusiastically honored, an honorary member of the Mozartium in Salzburg.

But Nicolai wished to distinguish himself in Vienna as a creative artist, also, in order to prove that Italy had exerted a favorable rather than a contrary influence upon his style of composition, and he wrote, therefore, some Pianoforte Pieces, including a grand Sonata, Op. 27, in D minor, and several songs, with which latter he was very successful, since they were treated in Franz Schubert's manner, the only one the public would then have. From among them, "Wilhelmine" and "Die Thrinke," published by Mechetti, soon became very popular. But not all his pleasing and highly pleasing songs of that period were published; most of them must still be among his unpublished papers.

To afford musical Vienna evidence of his activity and talent as a composer as well as conductor, he got up, in April, 1843, a concert, in which he gave only his own compositions, but of the most different styles, namely: a very sonorous eight-part Paternoster, for solos and chorus a capella, treated in the sacred Italian style of the 17th century, and published, as Op. 33, by Schott, Mayence; and further, a fugued Overture and Chorus, on a chorale, treated in the German style of the 18th century. Then came four numbers of his opera, *Proserpina*, as well as the favorite song "Wilhelmine," which brought to a close the applause that followed each piece.*

Thus, from the very first, we behold Nicolai in a sphere of indefatigable and restless activity, rendered happy by the marks of appreciation everywhere tendered, and exciting him to fresh efforts. But he was destined, also, to experience disappointments, which, in consequence of his excitable state, that always had a decided tendency to an ailing character, affected him more deeply and more severely than they would have affected other men. Thus, with the German confidence and frankness inherent to his nature, he attached himself to Donizetti, whom he highly prized, and who, having been appointed Imperial Chamber-Composer and *Capellmeister*, came, in February, 1843, from Paris to Vienna. But this friendship was not destined to last long. For reasons connected with the posture of affairs at the Kärn-

* That excellent paper, the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, in its twenty-eighth number for 1843, mentions this concert in the following flattering words. "The *Capellmeister*, Herr Nicolai, who has been rendered doubly dear to us by his energetic direction of the Opera, as well as by his brilliant revival of the Philharmonic Concerts, gave us, at an admirable vocal and instrumental concert, admirably carried out, too, with the co-operation of the artists of the Imperial Operahouse, proofs of such undeniable creative talent, seconded by a study, as comprehensive as thorough, of musical composition, that we eagerly look forward to a work from his pen for the German stage. The rich programme of this concert satisfied both professional and laymen in an equal degree. While, on the one hand, his *Tempiario* is still a stock-opera upon the Italian stage, Nicolai here on the other hand showed himself exceedingly skilful in his treatment of strict forms, thus refuting most honorably those who reproach him, a German, with writing in the modern Italian style. He has employed this in the proper place, and will undoubtedly be able to treat the German stage in the spirit peculiar to it. What must prove of great advantage to him when visiting for it is his readiness in the capitable style, which he owes to the good use he made of his long sojourn in Italy, an artistic accomplishment which we wish, with all our heart, were possessed by certain otherwise very estimable German composers."

ther Thor Theatre, and the short duration of the theatrical evening, it was one of the duties of the conducting *Capellmeister* to bring, by cuts and omissions, the operas to be represented within the proper bounds. Nicolai, who performed this task with especial unwillingness, had always gone to work in such cases with the greatest possible conscientiousness and the care peculiar to him. He could not, however, satisfy Donizetti, when, at the beginning of the Italian operatic season of 1843, the latter composer's *Elisir d' Amore* was produced. On the contrary, Donizetti's anger increased more and more, during the evening, as he missed this or that, to his mind, admirable piece, until, at the conclusion of the performance, he rushed up to the unsuspecting Nicolai, whom he called a "bambino," and would have proceeded to personal violence, had not the bystanders taken the part of the person thus assailed. Nicolai's friends recommended a duel with the Italian. But Nicolai, smiling, declined such a course, with the words: "Were this man to shoot me, nothing would be gained by it; on the contrary, I should deprive the musical world of the fruits of my studies, and it has still a good many to demand of me."

All further intercourse with Donizetti was naturally brought to an end by this scene, and Nicolai obstinately rejected every attempt at reconciliation on the part of the aggressor; what had happened did not, however, exert any influence on his opinion of Donizetti as a composer.

The experience gained by Nicolai in his laborious task of remodelling *Il Proscrito* induced him to abandon entirely the further re-arrangement of his Italian operas, and set a German book at once, in the writing of which he might himself take a part, and at length obtain a satisfactory *libretto*. The performances of his *Heimkehr des Brabantin*, and the task of directing the Philharmonic Concerts, which he zealously and successfully carried on during the winter of 1843-44 also, did not allow him to make much progress in the study of the best Italian and Spanish dramatists, from whom he wanted to take a subject. With restless industry, he sketched whole series of scenes and acts, selected from various sources, merely to reject them over and over again. His professional duties, despite the time required by these labors, did not suffer, however, in the slightest degree. As far as they were concerned, he was the same punctual and careful man he was all his life. Speaking of his musical activity, the musical correspondent of Hauptmann's *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* was justified in exclaiming:

"Whoever still takes as his favorite theme the insipid notion of indulging in turgid lamentations on the complete decay of taste here (in Vienna)," should make himself acquainted with the enthusiasm of the Viennese for such compositions and performances as are offered them at the Philharmonic Concerts." Further on, we read: "The *Capellmeister*, Herr Otto Nicolai, understands so well how to spur on the ambition of the splendid orchestra of our Imperial Operahouse, and to fill it with inspiration for the lofty aims of art, that, excited by his clever and energetic management, it really effects wonders. Simply to listen to a piano, a *crescendo*, a *diminuendo* here, nay, only to the rare agreement of the violins in the upward and downward strokes, in the employment of the same fingering, etc., is, apart from the dynamic effect, of itself, considered technically, a treat. May this magnificent art-institute, revived by the art-loving and talented Nicolai, be successful! May it henceforth be able to maintain its position upon the elevated ground of its own worth, and the appreciation of the public!"

Before the conclusion of the year 1843, Nicolai was delighted by an honorable mark of distinction. In return for the dedication of the Mass composed in Italy, and written up in Vienna, he received from King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., of Prussia, the Gold Medal for Art and Science, together with a flattering letter of thanks. The favor of the art-loving monarch was, also, extended to him long afterwards.

Another pleasing surprise for the worthy composer was reserved till the commencement of the following year, when he received an invitation

from the Magistracy of his native town, Königsberg, to attend, as an eminent fellow-townsman, the great jubilee held by the University in conjunction with the Town, to celebrate the 300th year of the existence of the former, from the 27th to the 31st of August inclusive. Nicolai was most profoundly moved by this unexpected proof of appreciation, awarded only to the most distinguished men. It awoke in his noble mind feelings that affected him like home-sickness. In fact, the whole of his subsequent delightful journey was destined to evoke sentiments and impressions such as a man, in most cases, experiences only in the sweet period of youth, the joys and raptures of which Nicolai had never known. He resolved to express in a musical composition appropriate to the festival his thanks for the flattering mark of attention and recognition on the part of his native town. In memory of the period of the Reformation, from which the establishment of the University, in 1544, dated, he selected Luther's chorale, so strong in faith: "Ein feiste Burg ist uns're Gott," as the principal motive for a sacred overture, in the broadest and most grandly solemn style, with orchestra, organ accompaniment, and choruses. The work begins with the chorale admirably arranged in different parts, and sung by the chorus. The instruments then take it up and carry it on very cleverly, until, out of the fragments of the motives introduced, a magnificent double fugue is developed. This affords evidence of wonderful skill and rare power of form, the chorale re-appearing in its broadly treated conclusion. We may as well at once state that this Sacred Overture in its original form, as well as arranged for four hands, and likewise for organ or pedal grand by Liszt, is published as Op. 32, by Hofmeister, Leipzig.

In the middle of July, 1844, Nicolai proceeded by the way of Prague and Breslau, to Berlin. The King, Friedrich Wilhelm, no sooner heard that the Imperial *Capellmeister* had arrived, before he ordered a concert of a sacred character to be given at Court, and invited Nicolai to take the direction of it. Nicolai obeyed the flattering invitation, and included in the programme several of his own compositions, which were executed by the Cathedral Choir at the Court Soirée in question, and met with approbation in the highest quarter. The King overwhelmed Nicolai with compliments, and entered into a long conversation with him concerning old Italian sacred music and the Sixtine Chapel, on the principle of which latter he wanted his newly-established Cathedral Choir to be managed. Captivated by Nicolai's comprehensive range of information, the King ended by offering him the position of a director of the Choir. Nicolai, however, exerted himself to show how, with all his interest for such a sphere of action, his great department was that of dramatic music, which he should be loth to quit, after his successes in it had demonstrated that it was the one peculiarly adapted for his powers. The King had thus to give up for a time the realization of his wish, but only to seize the first fitting opportunity for summoning the talented musician back again to his native land.

Nicolai now visited his first benefactor, Herr Adler, at Stargard. Herr Adler gave him the most hearty welcome, and it was in his house that Nicolai was surprised by the joyful news that the high-minded King had conferred upon him the Order of the Red Eagle. From Stargard he went to Dantzig, where he visited his sister; and thence to Marienwerder, where his father resided, arriving by the steamer at Königsberg, on the 20th August. Others had previously done what they could to distinguish and to please him, but the Königsbergers surpassed them in marks of respect, sending Nicolai deputations, giving him serenades, etc., by which he was deeply touched. Strange feelings, indeed, probably besieged his heart, when he once more found himself within the walls which had beheld his birth, and the sorrowful period of his youth, and within which he had spent the entire first half of his existence, until—looking at the matter from the cold point of view of practical life—he had left them as a vagabondizing fugitive, to revisit them as a highly respected artist. Such moments, however,

outweigh the severest sufferings and are among the sweetest experiences in the life of man.

His stay at Königsberg was a series of honors. The Town presented him with a silver conducting-stick; the University, with a gold snuff-box and two medals struck in honor of the Jubilee. On Nicolai's return to Vienna, the lessee of the theatre deducted sixty florins from his salary, because he was behind his time.

(To be continued.)

The Music of Provence.

A little book, written in a quaint tongue, has recently been published, and lets in light upon an interesting but almost unknown subject. It is a work on the origin, history, and playing of the Tambourine; its author is Monsieur F. Vidal; and it is written in the Provençal dialect. Our readers need not be alarmed at the announcement, fearing that we are going to quote largely in the idiom so loved by Castil-Blaze and De Roumanille; for there is much in what M. Vidal says which will bear translating, without availing one's self of M. Vidal's curious language. To English readers at the outset the title, "Lou Tambourin," is apt to prove mis-leading. M. Vidal's tambourine has nothing in common with the instrument we are accustomed to associate with a bâle or with a semicircular row of Ethiopian serenaders. It is the tambourine of Provence, one of two instruments, and yet only part of one instrument. For the tambourine and the galoubet are two separate and distinct articles played by one and the same person. The nearest approach to the Provençal musician is the man who officiates as orchestra to Mr. Punch: his drum may represent the tambourin, and his Pandean pipes the galoubet.

For a closer description of each let us have recourse to Castil-Blaze himself, who knew both instruments and can explain. In his *Dictionnaire de Musique*, he says, "the tambourin is a drum, the case of which is much longer and rather straighter than that of the ordinary drum. It is made of walnut wood in one piece light enough to be hung to the left arm, the hand of which serves to play the galoubet, or three-holed pipe, while the right hand strikes the tambourin with a little stick of ebony or ivory. The galoubet is a wind instrument which has fallen into disuse for over two centuries, except in Provence." It is "more gay," says Castil-Blaze, than all other rival instruments, and more acute than all other wind instruments. The player can only attain perfection on the galoubet by dint of hard work and carefulness, for it is fingered with the left hand alone, and the musician has to make two octaves and a note out of three holes. The make of the mouthpiece is intended to eke out the limited means. The key of the galoubet is D; the gamut is made by three different winds: the low D commences with a gentle breath, which can be increased to B; the B is a moderate breath which is increased to F, and the F is a sharp and pinched breath, which is increased till the last note is reached. It is presumably the difficulty of managing the limited instrument which has caused it to be cast aside by the provinces north of Provence.

The galoubet is not played without the tambourin: taken together they are the favorite instruments of the Provençaux. Although the former executes the air and the latter serves as an accompaniment, the player of both is styled a tambourin. Some players do not go about without a clarinet or two, who reinforce the tunes, often with a wily-conceived impersonation totally differing from the melody which they are supposed to help. The best players of the galoubet attain wonderful mastery over the slight pipe, on which they are frequently able to perform a violin concerto. At the fêtes of Provence they gather in numbers—twenty or twenty-five all playing at once; and though their music is always lively and rapid, they manage to preserve perfect ensemble. This is doubtless attained by the rhythmical strokes on the tambourin, which keeps them up to time. Rustic balls, farandoules, gymnastic games, bull fights, civil ceremonies, even processions—take place in Provence to the sound of the tambourin.

M. Vidal, in common with certain other authorities, derives the word from the *tympanon* of the Greeks, who are said to have imported the instrument into Provence 600 years before Christ. A derivation so remote is necessarily involved in obscurity; but M. Vidal and his friends have so much ground for their opinion, that in some localities the instrument is known as the *tympanin*, a near enough approach to the Hellenic word. In Italy it is called *tamburino*, in Spain *taborin*, in Catalonia *tambori*, in Portugal *tamboril*.

Before the Revolution the tambourin gave the name to a dance which had great favor in the French Court, and was danced on the stage. "A dance," says Jean

Jacques Rousseau, "very much the mode to-day at the French theatres. Its air is very gay, and is beaten quick in two time. It should be tripping (*sautillant*) and well cadenced, in imitation of the pipe of Provence, and the bass should re-strike the same note, in imitation of the *tambourin* or *galoubet*, with which he who plays the pipe ordinarily accompanies." Rousseau, it will be seen, confounded the two instruments and made them one; but the error is immaterial. Everybody knows that the *tambourin* was a celebrated dance of former times, and was reproduced in the French operas: *teste Rameau*. People then talked of a *tambourin* as they now talk of a polka or waltz.—Orchestra.

bridge (1583?), and in all probability was the son of William Gibbons, who on November 3, 1567, was admitted one of the "waytes" of the town of Cambrai with the annual fee of 40s. He was appointed organist of the Chapel-Royal in 1604; Bachelor Music, 1606; and Doctor in his faculty, 1622, died in 1625 and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral where there is a monument to his memory.

1625. *Thomas Day*, also Master of the Choristers. He was sworn a Gentleman of the Chapel-royal in 1615, and died in 1654.

1633. *Richard Portman*, also Master of the Choristers.—Educated under Orlando Gibbons. He resided some time in France with Dr. Williams, Dean of Westminster, and upon his return was appointed organist of the Chapel-royal.

1660. *Christopher Gibbons*, *Mus. Doc.*, also Master of the Choristers.—Son of the celebrated Orlando Gibbons. He was organist of Winchester Cathedral before the Civil War, a fact not hitherto known. He died in 1676, and was buried in the cloisters of the Abbey.

1666. *Albertus Bryne*.—A scholar of John Tomkins, greatly patronized by Charles I., who appointed him, at seventeen years of age, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1660 he petitioned for the place of organist at Whitehall, but whether he succeeded in his application we are not informed. According to Wood, he was buried in the cloisters of the Abbey, but the date of his decease is not given.

1669. *John Blow*, *Mus. Doc.*.—Born at North Collingham, Notts, 1648; Gentleman of the Chapel-royal, 1673; Master of the Choristers of the same, 1674; Almoner and Master of the Choristers of St. Paul's, 1687; and Composer to the Chapel-royal, 1699. The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him by Archbishop Sancroft. He died Oct. 1, 1708, and was buried on the north side of the choir of Westminster Abbey.

1680. *Henry Purcell*, the pride and boast of the English school of music, was born in 1658, in the city of Westminster, it is generally supposed. His father Henry and his uncle Thomas were both musicians, and gentlemen of the Chapel-royal at the Restoration. He was educated under Captain Cooke, the master of the royal choristers. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a flat stone covers his grave, with Latin inscription totally effaced by the footsteps of passengers.

1695. *John Blow*, *Mus. Doc.*.—This appointment is the one generally known; the fact of his also having preceded his great pupil as organist has been overlooked.

1708. *William Croft*, *Mus. Doc.*, also Master of the Choristers.—He was born at Nether Eattington, Warwickshire, in 1677, and received his education at the Chapel-royal, under Blow. He originally wrote his name Crofts. He became gentleman organist, and composer, in the establishment in which he was educated. His biographers say that his death was caused "by a disease brought on by his attendance at the coronation of George II." This, however, could not have been the case: George II. was crowned on October 11, 1727, and Croft died on August 14 preceding. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the north side of the choir.

1727. *John Robinson*.—One of the choristers of the Chapel-royal under Blow, and, according to Dr. Boyce, "an excellent performer on the organ." He was for many years Dr. Croft's assistant at the Abbey. He died in 1762, aged eighty, and was buried in the same grave with Croft. There is an engraved portrait of him by Virtue, from a painting by T. Johnson.

1762. *Benjamin Cooke*, *Mus. Doc.*, also Master of the Choristers. He was born in 1734, and died in 1793. He was for many years Mr. Robinson's deputy at the Abbey. There is a monument to his memory in the west cloister of the Abbey, where he was buried, and an engraved portrait of him by Skelton.

1794. *Samuel Arnold*, *Mus. Doc.*.—He was born in 1739, and educated as a chorister in the Chapel-royal, under Bernard Gates and Dr. Nares. On the death of the latter he succeeded him as organist and composer of the Chapel-royal. He died Oct. 22, 1802, and was buried in the Abbey.

1803. *Robert Cooke*.—The son of Dr. Benjamin Cooke, and a musician of considerable ability. He was unfortunately drowned in the Thames in 1814.

1815. *George Ebenezer Williams*.—Educated as a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was for some years Dr. Arnold's deputy at the Abbey. He died in 1819, at an early age, and was buried in the south ambulatory of the Cloisters.

1819. *Thomas Greatorex*, *F.R.S.*.—Born Oct. 5, 1758, and educated under Dr. Cooke. He was elected organist of Carlisle Cathedral in 1780, but resigned his post in 1786 in order to study vocal music in Italy. He died July 17, 1831, and was buried in

the west cloister of the Abbey, near his friend and master, Dr. Cooke.

1831. *James Tivle*, also Master of the Choristers.—The deputy of Mr. Greatorex, and the present excellent organist.

Many of the above distinguished church musicians, as will be seen, were also masters of the choristers of Westminster; and amongst the eminent men who were masters, without being organists, occur the names of Walter Porter, 1639; Henry Purcell, *Sen.* 1661; Thomas Blagrave, 1666; Edward Braddock, 1670; John Church, 1704; Bernard Gates, 1740, &c. We also find among the "copyists" the names of Henry Purcell *Sen.* 1676; William Tucker, 1678; Edward Braddock, 1690; John Church, 1710; John Buswell, 1761; Thomas Vandernau, 1763; Thomas Barrow, 1782, &c.

Ristori in New York.

(From The Nation, Sept. 27.)

Her first appearance was made under very great disadvantages. She was in a foreign city, and among strangers whose temperament was different from her own, who did not understand her language, who had been used to another kind of representation, and who were too full of wondering expectation to comprehend what was before them, or to do it justice. The theatre was small, the stage narrow, the stage arrangements poor, the scenery scanty and cheap. Her company, too, was ordinary, so far as we could judge, perhaps because the terms of her engagement did not allow her to secure a better—perhaps because they, like herself, could not do themselves justice the first time. An enthusiastic audience would have made amends for these drawbacks in part; but the audience was not enthusiastic—the foreign portion remembering what she was abroad, the native portion waiting for her to astonish them into praise.

From these causes the actress labored under a restraint which she did not seem able to throw off. She could not forget herself, and was driven back too absolutely upon her art, instead of throwing soul into her art. The play selected—Legouy's "Medea"—made all this more conspicuous than it would have been in another piece. In one respect it was admirably calculated for an opening representation, for it calls out precisely the qualities that she is reputed to possess in extraordinary measure. It demands vehement expression of passion, in every extreme, of hate and love, wrath and tenderness, scorn and pity, yearning and vengeance; touching all the chords of emotion from lowest to highest. But, on the other hand, it is a play that suffers from the slightest suspicion of constraint. It requires abandonment; and that was just what Ristori lacked. The want of it was not felt equally throughout; but in parts it was painfully felt, and they were the intensest parts—the scorning and denunciation of *Creusa*, the first interview with *Jason*, and the scene in which she tries to win her children. This is one of the finest points of the play—perhaps it is the finest point—and is capable of being rendered with immense effect, without overstepping the limits of the most conservative taste. The husband, making terms with the wife in order to be rid of her, proposes that she take one of their children, and leave the other with him and *Creusa*. She cannot choose, and in her perplexity throws the choice on the children themselves. They, having learned to love the comfort and tenderness of their new mother, stand motionless by her side. The real mother then begins to plead, and to plead ineffectually. She sinks from her pride, forgets the presence she is in, implores, coaxes, puts forth all the fondness of a passionate heart, loses herself in the effort to recover the boys, whom her terrible emotions had frightened away. The hearts of the audience are ready to melt in their bosom at that scene. They are full of tears. They would have pardoned any exaggeration. They expected exaggeration in a play where people and situations were all exaggerated. Indeed, nature demanded more than they could have imagined. Ristori was, through it all, stately, proper and cold. We saw the same scene better done years ago by an actress whose name is not to be written on the same sheet of paper with Ristori's—we mean Matilda Heron; there was no mother, and no great actress. On the second representation of "Medea" this was vastly improved; but still it was not all that it should have been. There was the actress, the artist, but not the genius.

In "Mary Stuart" the art rose to a higher level; it was all but consummate, it came near being bewitching. Now and then a flash of genius broke through it and startled the audience out of the quietly charming mood in which the actress placed and kept them. But the prevailing impression was not that of genius. Singularly fine gifts under singularly perfect training explained all the effects that were produced without calling the divine spirit into requi-

sition. Madame Ristori is a gifted woman. Her person is fine, her carriage noble, her head well planted on her shoulders, her arms and hands handsome, her face mobile and expressive. She has a voice of wonderful compass and power, of rich melodious quality, of the utmost flexibility. These gifts she has cultivated to the last point of culture. She has studied hard, with the aid of the best models. Nothing could be more delicious than her articulation; no elocution could be more exquisite in tone and balance. Her declamation is superb—never, under any circumstances, verging on rant or fustian. Her bearing is bold enough for exigencies, but it never suggests a shuffle, a hitch, or a strut. Her gesture is profuse, incessant, affluent in variety of motion, but it is always graceful and it always has a meaning. Her form is supple, her muscles are perfectly under control. In a word, she is completely furnished for her profession. Nature and art could do little more, except make her beautiful; but they have bestowed the imitative command of expression which more than makes amends for beauty of feature. Is she, then, all that her worshippers think she is? No one can be. Is she peerless, as Rachel was, in her way? We are not ready to grant it yet. Is she a woman of genius as well as a most elaborate artist? We hope she is; we have a suspicion that she may be, but we shall wait before deciding that she is.

(From The Nation, Oct. 11.)

As one thing must be defined against another, so the world will have it that Ristori must be defined against Rachel. Now, genius was the characteristic of Rachel. She possessed the divine power of calling into being the persons whose actions and emotions she portrayed. Her characters were, in every distinguished instance, creations of her own. They were nothing till she touched them. They had haunted the stage as classical anatomies, stalking lay-figures parading heaps of turgid declamation, shades of heroines, half mythological, that ogled and posed, strutted and glided through a long succession of romantic situations; but the little humanity there was in them at first had been vexed by the traditions of the players till only ghosts remained. These tormented manes which Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire had recovered for dramatic or sentimental purpose, but had been forced to let go again, she revived, clothed in actual flesh and blood, animated with living souls, and made powers in the world of passion. Her great triumphs were achieved by the force of her own imagination, which caused things which were not to be as though they were. Her historical characters were weak in proportion as history gave them ready-made into her hands. Her most finished works were those for which she had no material but the fire of her soul.

This creative achievement implied the highest order of dramatic genius. She first called the characters into being, she then identified herself with them and gave them existence; finally, with consummate art, she presented them glowing with animation to her audiences. At her call the graves yielded up their dead.

This first power we saw no evidence of in Ristori, nor have we discovered it yet. Whether or no she possesses it, she has given the public no opportunity for judging. She has appeared in three characters, and they were ready-made for her. The first, *Medea*, is not historical, but it is even more definite than if it were. The traditional events in her career are thrown out with a force that compels interpretation. The expression of the situations cannot be missed; the passions lie in great masses on the surface unsusceptible of modification; the contrasts of emotion are sudden, violent, precipitate, allowing the least possible opportunity for the insertion of graceful touches of color and shade. An artist might, through weakness, fail to portray the character in all its terrible energies of feeling, but no artist could fail to comprehend it. The exercise of the creative art is forestalled by the classical dictionary. If it be true that Ristori's costume in this part was designed for her by Ary Scheffer, her originality must suffer from that additional deduction. In *Mary Stuart*, imagination is forestalled by history. About few persons do we know so much. We have her portraits, her costumes, pictures of her habits and manners. The events of her history are a familiar tale. Her mental traits have been presented as faithfully as her features. Her moral character is no secret. What is there for an actress to do? Literally nothing but to dress the part with such skill as she can command and make the historical figure step down from the canvas. This Ristori does with marvellous address as we have cordially said. Taste and culture can do no more. No doubt this is the *Mary Stuart* we have all read of. So she looked; so she spoke; so she conducted herself; so she saddened, grew old, and died. The delineation is exquisite, but it is a copy, not an original.

The same, and even more, may be said of Elizabeth of England. There is romance about Mary; about her there is none. She stands in a blaze of light. Her wardrobe has been ransacked; we know how many dresses she had. The microscope has been applied to her disposition. The chemists have had her motives under their biting acids. As if this were not enough, the ingenious playwright Giacometti, to cut off all possible misapprehension, has arranged his situations and thrown out his points in such a manner that the wayfaring player, though a fool, could not err. Any reader of sign-boards must know precisely what is to be done at every turn. The text is all in italics. We went, therefore, to the theatre with no faintest expectation of seeing a display of creative genius. How could we? Where should it come in? We looked for art of the highest order, for gorgeousness of dress, for velvets, laces, diamonds, and gold. We looked for a full outward impersonation of the great queen in bearing and gesture, for a marvellous play of feature, and the most exquisite gradation of intellectual light and shade. All this we had in measure exceeding our anticipation—trifle too much, perhaps.

But we had more. We had genuine genius—of the second grade, indeed, but still genius. The first grade was, as we have said, out of the question. There was no room for it. But genius of the second grade; the genius which identifies the actress with the character and makes that real, was there. Ristori did not play Elizabeth; she was Elizabeth; the queen, there in person. Not Giacometti's Elizabeth either, though, of course, that mainly; but something more sound and just than that. Here she toned down the playwright's gasconade by her sense of truth; there she enlarged it by her power of association. She threw into her by play an immense deal not of study merely, but of intuitive perception. She filled up the interstices with flashes of imagination. She read history between her author's lines, and used him as a tool in her hands. It is unnecessary to specify instances. They were so many that the specification would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that the points were all hers. The play fairly sparkled with imagination. A bright mind peeped out in every speech. It was at work in the woman, and apparently not on her stage effects or her author's prosaic language, but on the problems that vexed the soul of Elizabeth herself in her day. The illusion would have been complete if the other actors had done well. It was powerful in spite of them. The audience, for the first time, sat spell-bound. When the curtain fell, it fell not on a scene in a play, but on a scene in England's history; and when, with exquisitely bad taste, in accordance with an exquisitely bad custom, they called the actress before the curtain in her own proper character, it was a shock to see not Queen Elizabeth, but Madame Ristori.

Such power of self-identification with a part is exceedingly rare. Ordinary actors can produce a momentary illusion of the senses by the aid of scenery and clothing, hair-dressing and cosmetics. Players of eminent talent carrying these helps to their perfection, and adding to them cultivated personal graces, facility of pantomime and ready tact, can carry the illusion further and sustain it longer; they can even hide themselves completely behind their assumed mask. But to think the part out, to feel it out, to live for the time in it, and let its life alone appear; to reproduce it as an actual man or woman, is a very different thing. Talent can dress a character, but only genius can put the character into the dress; and the genius that can do that might, for aught we see, do more. Why should not the perfect reproducer be able to produce? Both processes demand imagination, and the same kind of imagination, that, namely, which

—“bodies forth
The forms of things unknown.”

In the latter case the process begins a little further back; but to change the “airy nothing” into a person would seem as arduous and delicate an undertaking as to give it “a local habitation and a name.” Nobody at this day could present an original conception of Queen Elizabeth. Rachel probably could have done this no better than Ristori. The most exacting criticism can demand no more than an intensely real impersonation of any one consistent idea. This they who saw Ristori's Elizabeth certainly had. The great queen treading down the loving woman parts of her in the imagined interest of her queenliness, and then dying in her queenliness because the loving woman part would not die, never so swept those people with the fringe of her garments before. She fairly shook their hearts.

But Ristori cannot give us so much without compelling us to expect more. Nothing but the highest reach of genius will content us now. We shall return to the subject.

Music Abroad.

Italy.

NAPLES. "Music's last agony at Naples":—such is the heading of a letter, dated Sept. 24, 1866, which we translate from the Parisian journal *Le Menestrel*.

"It is a long time since I have addressed you a musical correspondence. It is long since any music has been made at Naples. In this respect no city fares to-day so badly as this our city which was once so well off! The political events of these last years have been fatal to the musical art in the south of Italy. The theatres of music, now under one pretext, and now another, are constantly closed. In spite of the cholera there are actually seven active theatres here, and not one which gives a single *petite acte* of opera buffa. . . . It is desolant!"

"The Conservatorio is disorganized from top to bottom. Grave disorders have broken out in this establishment and several pupils have been put in prison. Pickets of gensd'armes are stationed before the doors. These disorders touch so closely upon politics that it is not possible for me to explain to you the causes.

"If theatrical music is put aside, religious music has no better fate. The chapel of the royal palace is in a state of utter disorganization. Some churches possess organs, to be sure, but where are the organists? . . . Certain parishes, and of the most important, content themselves with a simple *Harmonium*, like the village chapels.

"I will pass in silence the so-called chamber music. In spite of some laudable efforts, badly recompensed by success, one never has the opportunity of hearing a good Quartet. Besides, it is a kind of music completely antipathetic to Neapolitans, who seem to have no comprehension of it.

"Choral societies, to this day unknown in Italy, are not even the object of a desire on the part of the Neapolitan musicians, and I do not know that they have ever had a thought of founding a single one.

"Naples does not possess a concert hall.

"Some military bands of the national guard, which, fortunately, are not too bad, let us hear marches and polkas. That is all! No other music unless it be the *orgues de Barbarie* (street organs). These instruments have been multiplying for a few years.

"In this land, where music once was held in honor, they have not even raised a bust to such men as Durante, Cimarosa, Paisiello, who have made their ungrateful country so illustrious. Although in Naples several squares and streets have no fixed name, the idea has never occurred to any one to give to some of these squares or streets the names of these great musicians. I do not speak of foreigners: they would cry out scandal if Beethoven or Hérold should receive the slightest honor. And while at Paris, Rossini and so many other celebrated Italians have their names engraved on marble or bronze, Cimarosa, the Neapolitan and patriot, becomes as unknown to the actual Neapolitans as such or such a Chinese mandarin.

"Whatever has relation to musical art is fallen as low as possible. Nothing, absolutely nothing can give an idea of the profound night that envelopes everything that touches this divine art nearly or remotely. The obscurity is such that one asks himself how it will ever be possible to dissipate such thick darkness.

"Certainly music in Italy is in its decadence; but in the North there still remain materials which sustain the crumbling edifice and may cause it to rise again. At Naples there is no further question of decadence—it is annihilation! The few true artists that we yet possess bitterly deplore this state of things without finding any remedy!

"It would not be impossible, for the rest, for music to become almost a matter of indifference to our country. The following fact makes it supposable:

"Last summer, in the midst of the general dearth of music, a few good musicians, veritable waifs of the musical wreck of Naples, conceived the idea of uniting and forming an orchestra. Most of these musicians came from the San Carlo theatre, habitually closed.

"They chose a ravishing garden, that of the palazzo Chiatamone, a poetic habitation bathed by the sea, situated in the very centre of the most elegant quarter of Naples, and where Alexander Dumas had installed himself during his abode here.

"This garden received some extra embellishments; garlands of fire illuminated it; its great oaks projected their shadows over the waves which die out gently at their feet. From there, the gulf presents itself in all its splendid beauty. On one side, Pausilippo charms the eye with its green shades and its villas suspended over the sea; on the other, Vesuvius is outlined; in the distance, it is the mountains of Castellamare, Meta, Sorrento, &c.; in front, the isle of Capri, with strange forms, in some sort shut in the gulf ploughed by the banks of fishermen casting their nets, by night, to the light of resinous torches.

"When the pale lustre of the moon comes to light up this region, one of the most lovely in the world, it costs no effort of the imagination to believe oneself transplanted beyond our planet, into one of those imaginary worlds created by the Arabian fancy.

"And the sonorous orchestra, resounding under the foliage, mingled the strains of Rossini, of Bellini, with the intoxicating perfumes of the gulf.

"There too you found, in profusion, exquisite sherbets, the savory fruits of our climates; in short, all that art and nature can offer of delights had been uniting in this enchanted spot.

"The entrée of this paradise cost—1 franc!—How long, think you, were these feasts of music and of nature able to last?—Eight days! At the end of eight days, the garden had again become deserted, silent; its gates were closed! The receipts had not one single time covered expenses—and Naples has five hundred thousand inhabitants!

"En revanche, a single Pulcinello theatre has not been found enough; several have been opened. Since the closing of the *Jardin musical* there has been no music heard in Naples except the band of the national guard, which I have just mentioned, and which is only applauded when it executes "The Railroad" or the Garibaldi hymn.—Is it or is it not time to exclaim: 'Music is dying! music is dead!'

STUTTGART, OCT. 1. Here, as everywhere, the war had closed all the theatres and interrupted, after one or two representations, the success of Herr Abert's new opera, "Astorga." We were present at a *reprise*, to which they had given all the eclat of a first representation. Abert is the author of a Symphony, "Columbus," and of an opera, "King Enzio," two works for some time popular, the first especially, in Germany. He is a young man, thirty-two years old. Attached since his childhood to the royal theatre of Stuttgart, in the capacity of contrabassist, he possesses, independently of his qualities as a composer, consummate experience in the management of orchestral forces. His last work, *Astorga*, is a serious score in which, by the side of a marked tendency for purely Italian melody, there shine out those qualities of general composition, those effects of *ensemble*, those daring feats of harmony and instrumentation which belong peculiarly to modern Germany.

In spite of these apparent fluctuations, in spite of this eclecticism with which some have reproached him, his work bears the real stamp of originality. Inspiration, thought abound with him; his melody is large, powerful, expressive, and it is his own. His orchestration, I have said, is that of a master. Before two years the French public will have applauded *Astorga*. The tenor charged with the principal part in Abert's opera is named Sontheim. Past the age of forty, he has the fresh and equal voice of a

tenor of twenty years. Add to these qualities a superb power, such as I have only met with in Fraschini; a sure method, a great amplitude of style, and you will have an idea of this artist, whom an engagement for life chains to the theatre of Stuttgart, with the admirable prospect, some ten years hence, of a pension of—three thousand francs!! O virtuous Germany.—*Corr. of Le Menestrel.*

BERLIN. The festal week in Berlin, during which "our victorious warriors" re-entered the city, was celebrated in regal manner at the opera. The festival began with an introductory "Victory's Festal Sounds" (*Siegesfestklänge*) composed by Kapellmeister Dorn—a kind of triumphal march leading to a sweet melody with harp accompaniments, and ending with the choral "Nun danket Alle Gott," the choral being sung behind the curtain. This was followed by a Prologue written by a veteran of the "War of Liberty," and spoken by Frau Jachmann: the prologue created great enthusiasm. During its delivery the King appeared and the audience rose and received with evident veneration (*sichliche Ehrfurcht*) the monarch who had led his own host to undying glory. A new dropscene gave rise to repeated acclamation: it represents the Brandenburg Gate with the Goddess of Victory surrounded with sunlight; in the foreground are groups of trophies with the subscription in golden letters of the names, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Nassau; two eagles hold the wreath of branches with which the trophies are bound. The patriotic play, "Lenore" by Carl von Holtei, carried the spectators back from William I. to Frederick II., who commenced the establishment of Prussian supremacy. After the play a cantata for the occasion, "Prussia's Honor," was performed with tableaux; it is the composition of Kapellmeister Taubert, written in appropriately martial and elevating style. Its reception was, to say the least, stormy.

The place of Professor of Music in the University of Berlin, made vacant by the death of Marx, has been conferred on H. Bellerman, already known by a treatise on Counterpoint, &c.

London.

ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS, Sept. 22.—A new violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, appeared on Monday, on an engagement said to be limited to the present week. The playing of Herr Wilhelmj produced an extraordinary sensation, and indeed merited all the applause it obtained. He is a thorough artist of undoubted accomplishments; his speciality consists in playing a succession of chords in thirds, octaves and tenths, with a precision, rapidity and clearness we never heard equalled. His marvellous violincello effects on the fourth string are also worthy of notice. He plays Paganini's Concerto and Ernst's fantasia, "Airs Hongrois;" and both create the greatest excitement. We trust Herr Wilhelmj may be induced to extend his engagement. Monday was an Italian night, devoted to Spontini, Cherubini, Verdi and Rossini. The overtures to "Nourmahal," "Guillaume Tell" and "Les Deux Journées" were played, and a selection from "Ernani." The rest was filled by the March of the Israelites from "Eli," a fantasia on pianoforte, airs from "Lucerzia Borghese" played by Mlle. Krebs, the "Cujus Animam" played on the cornet by Mr. Reynolds, and the usual songs in which Mlle. Carlotta Patti revels. Thursday night was given to Mendelssohn. It included the overture to "Ruy Blas," the Rondo Capriccioso in E minor for Mlle. Krebs, the whole of the Italian Symphony, and a violin concerto for Master Emile Sauret.

Oct. 6.—The concerts grow more attractive as their duration increases. What, however, must be especially gratifying to the lovers of real music is the fact that the classical nights, mostly given on Thursdays, draw greater crowds than other nights, even than Mr. Mellon's pet nights, the "Saturday Volunteer," the meaning of which he has yet failed to expound to curious inquirers. The programme on Thursday night was devoted to the works of Mozart, from which no great difficulty was experienced in making a first-rate selection, as the following must be pronounced: Overture—*Idomeneo*; canzone, "Voi che sapete"—*Le Nozze di Figaro*; Fugue in C minor for orchestra; aria, "Fin ch' an dal vino"—*Don Giovanni*; Symphony in C, No. 6 (the *Jupiter*); Duet, "La ci darrem"—*Don Giovanni*; Notturno for two oboes, two horns, two clarinets and two bassoons; and overture—*Il Flauto Magico*. The symphony was finely played and an attempt was made to encore the slow movement. The Fugue in C minor was repeated in answer to loud and prolonged acclamations. Is not

this a manifestation of the increasing taste and love for good music? Both overtures were executed to perfection, and the "mighty" *Flauto Magico* applauded to the echo. The opening movement of the *Notturno*, the *andante*, is worthy of Mozart in his tenderest and most inspired mood.

Paris.

The *Orchestra's* correspondent, Sept. 25, writes :

The only new event I have to note in the musical world is the re-opening of the *Bouffes Parisiens*, which took place on Saturday. This theatre is now under the management of M. Varcollier, the husband of Mme. Ugaldi, who was the chief attraction of the first night. Four operettas were given, the best being the late A. Adam's *"Pantins de Violette."* The great Offenbach has withdrawn the light of his countenance—and his repertoire, from the theatre; and some people are ungrateful enough to think "so much the better." Whether the public began to have enough of that trashy *Pont Neuf* class of music, which the celebrated master has made so much in vogue during the last ten or twelve years, or not, remains to be seen; but the opinion that we have been "Offenbached" sufficiently to impair our health is tolerably prevalent. With such an artist as Mme. Ugaldi to lead his troupe, and with such composers as Duprato, E. Jonas, Durand, and others who really know how to write (and are musicians, not mountebanks), there really is a chance of success for M. Varcollier, even though the protecting hand of the former manager is withdrawn, and the strains of the *"Pont des Soupirs"* "*Tromb-al-ca-sar*" &c., are no longer heard within the walls of his theatre.

Of course the *Italien* is a subject of conversation, and we wait the opening (on the 2nd October) with impatience. Patti is decidedly engaged for the whole season: the salary is stated to be 200,000 francs (£8000) for the seven months. Mlle. Lagrua is not new to Paris; she was attached to the *Grand Opera* in 1852, and came out in Halévy's *"Juif Errant."* Since that time she has taken the Italian repertoire and has gained a position on the Continent, particularly at Naples and Vienna. She is to create here Donizetti's *"Maria Stuarda,"* a work written for the *San Carlo* at Naples, but interdicted by the censure after the last full rehearsal; it was subsequently given at Rome under the title of *"Buondelmonte,"* and was performed with its original name at the *San Carlo* about a year and a half ago. We shall have Fraschini, but for six weeks only, at the close of the season. The burden of sustaining the tenor parts will in the mean time fall upon MM. Pancani and Nicolini, unless ill. Naudin should return to the place he never should have quitted. Mlle. Zeiss is the only contralto on the list at present. *"La Sonnambula"* with Mlle. Patti and Nicolini will probably be given on the opening night. *"Saffo,"* by Pacini, is announced for Mlle. Lagrua: this opera was given some twenty years ago with Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache, but failed to attract much attention.

We pick up the following floating bits of musical intelligence :

The members of the Hanover Court Theatre (about 300 persons in all), have received a notification that the King of Prussia undertakes the theatrical administration in future, in the stead of King George, and that in all other particulars the theatre will remain on the same footing. Old contracts remain in force; the partly unpaid salaries will commence from the 1st September. Herr v. Hilsen, the General-Intendant of the Berlin Court Theatre, has taken up his post in Hanover.

The dramatic season of Weimar has commenced with Goethe's *"Egmont,"* and Beethoven's *"Fidelio."*

On the anniversary of the late King of Saxony's death, Mozart's *"Requiem"* was performed at the Catholic Church, Dresden. Frau Bürde-Ney sang the solo parts.

Meyerbeer has been repeated in rapid succession during the past week in Berlin: *"Africaine,"* *"Prophét,"* *"Huguenot,"* and *"Robert"* have followed each other uninterruptedly.

The Pergola, Florence, opens with the *"Africaine."*

Mlle. Artot is in Paris awaiting the return of Verdi, to study with him one of the two *prima donna* parts which he has written in *"Don Carlos."*

Mme. Viardot Garcia has given a concert in Bremen, at which Mme. Schumann, Signor Zucchini and others assisted.

The Scala, Milan, will open with a new opera, *"I Fighi di Borgia,"* by the young composer, Strigelli.

The *Independance Belge* announced recently that a new lyrical theatre was about to be built in Paris under the "vocal" of the old Grétry, whose specialty would be the performance of works which were public property, and that thus the non-payment of author's rights would serve instead of a subvention. This story is inaccurate. The Theatre-Grétry is being founded for the express purpose of playing contemporary authors; in fact it will be prohibited the management under the articles of Constitution to put on pieces belonging to the *domaine public*. The *Opéra Lyrique* possesses so large a stock of the old authors and composers that it can rarely produce new ones. The Theatre-Grétry on the other hand will be reserved for those composers who have already given proof of their talents on other stages, and by obtaining the *prix de Rome*.

Auber is at work on an opera called *"Le Premier Jour de Bonheur,"* words by MM. Dennery and Cormon.

The violinist Wilhelmj, whose talent has aroused so much interest at Mellon's Concerts, is a German by birth, the son of a Wiesbaden barrister; he finished his studies in the Leipzig Conservatory.

The Vienna Opera possesses at the present time not less than eight tenors, all comparatively unknown. There are but two tenors at the Berlin establishment, but they are Wachtel and Niemann.

Alfred Jaell is passing his honeymoon at Interlaken, where, despite many seductive offers of engagements, he intends remaining till the 20th, a date on which the series of philharmonic concerts at Basle and other Swiss towns commences.

According to the *Worcester Journal*, an arrangement was made by the stewards of the late festival with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt for that gentleman to write an oratorio on the subject of Ruth, specially for the occasion. Unfortunately, Mr. Goldschmidt's continental engagements prevented him from completing the work in time, and deprived the festival of what would have been an interesting and important feature.

Rossini has, during his summer sojourn in Passy, finished the orchestration of his *"Petite Messe Solennelle,"* which was twice performed with pianoforte accompaniment, at the house of Count Pillet Will (Rossini's banker). The great master's last work is a *"Hymne à l'Empereur,"* for baritone solo, with choral and orchestral arrangement and incidental military band. It is hoped that this work will be performed at the opening of the Paris Exhibition. During that season possibly the *"Messe"* may be heard, too, if the choice of the solo singers is to the liking of the *maestro*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1866.

Symphony Concerts.

The solid part, the most important and most interesting part of our musical season rapidly draws near. Good orchestral concerts—Philharmonic Concerts, as they call them in some cities—are what more than any other give the musical character to a season or a place. These set the tone of all the music; if these are high in character, are really artistic, classical and noble, free from shallowness and clap-trap, other forms of public music-making, though unconsciously, will feel their influence. Without the Philharmonic concerts and the Oratorios, our musical season is miscellaneous, and without high aim or standard, doing little for Art culture.

The second season of the "Symphony Concerts," which under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association met with such favor last year, and gave signal demonstration of the fact that concerts composed purely and exclusively of the highest kind of music, concerts in which none but names of unquestioned masters, men of genius, figure, can delight large audiences, is now definitely announced. The success of last year warrants an increase of the number of concerts; there

are to be eight of them, instead of six; and even more, we have no doubt, are called for and would be well sustained in point of audience, were it possible to give such feasts of music without more preparation than our busy musicians can find time for. The plan of the concerts is essentially the same as before; in the composing of the programmes there will reign the same spirit, the same loyalty to pure ends of art, the same regard to unity and fitness in the selection of pieces and the combining and contrasting of the various elements; always seeking to realize something that is beautiful and noble, something inspiring and elevating; to bring out beautiful and great works, real music, rather than such as ministers to the vanity of performers. Art, the poetry of Art, and not dazzling virtuosity, is, as it should be, the object of these concerts. If all other concert-givers cater to the fashions of the day, to the love of novelty and showy superficiality, and make up their programmes mainly to show off the singer or the player, and try to win the crowd by crowding into an evening more distinguished artists than can work together with any sort of unity, making a senseless, dissipating medley of things which do not belong together, then there is all the more need of one standard series of concerts, which shall keep entirely to good music, and ensure an opportunity of hearing and of knowing the best works of the great masters, even at the risk of some complaint of exclusiveness. These Symphony Concerts are designed to be our academic, standard concerts, so to speak, and to keep the highest, the unquestioned models of Art, and masterworks of genius, ever fresh in mind. By abstaining from much which other concerts give, these concerts serve the cause of catholicity of taste, of hospitality to new composers and new schools, better than they could otherwise; for, by keeping the true beacon lights still shining amid all the bewildering confusion, they make it safe to go and hear the new and untried things for which plenty of opportunities are always likely to be offered elsewhere. The taste that has been formed in a true school is proof against the novelties and contrarieties that otherwise mislead and dissipate. Thus schooled, or rather thus experienced, deeply penetrated with the perception and the love of what in the highest sense is beautiful and enduring, one can afford to listen to new things and learn; then curiosity becomes safe. And this, we take it, is just what the world has always meant in advocating what are called "classical" models, "classical" schools or tastes. He whose culture has been classical, can best of all men afford to be liberal and lend an ear to whatever claims a hearing upon any ground of new beauty, power, originality, or success elsewhere. But the opportunities of such culture, the classical or academic, normal opportunities must first exist. A thorough, intimate lover of Shakespeare is in no danger of being carried away by a poor clap-trap sensation drama, that has its run for the day with the multitude; on the other hand he is the most likely to detect the pearl of genius in that which is common clay to others. So a community who have grown familiar with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and whatever is congenial and in keeping with these, through opportunities of enjoying them without distracting invitations of another sort, will be in a condition to listen to all sorts of composers and all kinds of music and give

all their due. But the one standard opportunity of culture, pure and without distraction, admitting nothing but the best, must first be secured. When you have heard a language spoken only in the best society, until you know it and possess it in its purity, then and only then it becomes safe for you to take an interest in provincial dialects; indulge our curiosity in them as we may, we must still keep clear *somewhere* "a well of English pure and undefiled." Just so with Music.

Now this is the ground on which the "Symphony Concerts" were first attempted by the Harvard Musical Association. They were designed to fill a place not occupied in our ordinary and very miscellaneous provisions for hearing music. The orchestral means of Boston, to be sure, were limited. To make the most of these means, and employ them to the best advantage in the production of Symphonies, Concertos, Overtures, the genial creations of master spirits in the tone-world,—this was their design; and this was to bring delight and culture to all music-lovers, and at the same time to give our drudging, multifariously occupied musicians chance and encouragement to work together now and then as artists in the true spirit of their noble art. The first step in the working plan was to guaranty to them the best kind of audience, the members of the Association and their friends forming the nucleus, with attractive social power enough, together with the musical attraction, to gradually almost fill the Music Hall. The same nucleus, the same guaranty, is again secured beforehand, even before the concerts were publicly announced; and this to the musicians also means the guaranty of fair pay, better than they get elsewhere. Thanks to the Symphony Concerts, it is now proved in Boston that the best music (dear to cultivated tastes) both pleases best and pays best.

As to the last year's programmes, if they were in any sense exclusive, kept to a fastidiously high, pure standard, the reason and necessity for such policy have been, we trust, sufficiently explained. Reasons and theories apart, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Did any one complain that those concerts were dry? Did any find it a severe entertainment? When had we ever such variety, and so blended that each thing helped the other? And when will it be possible to exhaust our riches, if we keep on working the same veins? The greater variety which others idly call for is seen in such miscellanies as the Bateman programmes, for instance, where one thing has so little to do with another that everything gets encores and repeated, and all unity, all proportion, all temperate duration of indulgence is dissipated and destroyed; it is musical gormandizing, and in great part on sweetmeats which impair digestion. Programmes artistically made, composed, hardly admit of encores; as well encore a feature in a portrait; the encore appetite is blind, forgets what goes before and after in the greed of momentary indulgence; the picture in which it meddles becomes a monstrosity, the programme a medley, the feast a glut, with headache the next morning. The last year's programmes may have erred once or twice by too great length; but unity, variety, beauty, inspiration they did not lack; and the very general voice of satisfaction is already confirmed in the eager inquiries and demand for tickets for this second season.

It is confidently believed that the concerts will be quite as interesting and as good as they were last winter. The elements employed will be, as we have said, about the same. Only the male chorus pieces (as a standard feature) are dispensed with, the Committee being convinced that the results hardly justified the cost of time and trouble. Had it been possible to organize those sixty or eighty voices into a regular singing Club for constant practice, plenty of promise might be seen in those hasty and imperfect efforts of last year; and as it was, the Mendelssohn "Antigone" choruses and others fell not wholly short of the impression due intrinsically to such choice and noble music. Another year, perhaps, by taking early measures, it may be possible to enrich these concerts with that fine element, and even to have a mixed chorus, whereby such works as Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and many other choice things, here seldom or never heard, for orchestra and chorus, may be brought home to us. It may even now be possible, by borrowing a chorus, to give one or two such works. The concerts, then, will consist in the first place of Symphonies, the plan being to give the very best and such as have not been of late most often heard. It is on this last ground only, that we can afford to leave Mendelssohn's two Symphonies to others. Eight concerts do not offer room for many—say nine at the most; and it is proposed to give two or three of Beethoven, certainly the Seventh, and very probably the Ninth with chorus; perhaps also the shortest one, the No. 8, which needs more justice done it than it got last year, in the same concert with a short one by Haydn. Then we must have one by Mozart, probably the "Jupiter." Of Schumann two Symphonies: that in C major introduced to us last winter, and that in D minor, because Schumann's music is now peculiarly the object of growing interest with the truest music lovers, opening deeper and richer as we get acquainted. The great Schubert Symphony must be played again, and we suppose there will be no resisting the demand for Gade in C minor. But these ideas may yet be modified by afterthoughts. Mendelssohn will certainly figure in his *most* genial orchestral creations, his Overtures; and so will Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Cherubini and others. The "Genoveva" by Schumann, and the "Fierabras" by Schubert, played here only once before, will very likely be repeated. Under the head of Concertos and other solo performances for piano, violin, &c., we shall certainly be rich in interpreters, even richer than we were before. CARL ROSA, the violinist, who lent such charm last year in the opening concert, is this year engaged for the last, the Bateman concerts claiming him till that time. For pianists there will be not only DRESEL, LEONARD, LANG and PARKER, but PERABO and PETERSILEA—all resident among us, three of them members of the Harvard—and, it is hoped, also Mr. MILLS. The Concertos were a marked feature in these concerts last year, especially the three by Beethoven. Finally, in lieu of the male chorus, we may get some choice vocal solos with orchestra.

The opening Concert will occur on Friday afternoon, Nov. 23d, and with the following programme: Part I. Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Schumann's Concerto in A minor, played by Otto Dresel.—Part II. Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; Weber's *Concert-Stück* (?) by Mr. Dresel; Overture, No. 3, to *Leonora*, Beethoven. The eight concerts will succeed each other once

a fortnight *as a rule*; but between the third and fourth, and between the seventh and eighth, one will be omitted, making four week's interval for better rehearsal of new things. The dates of all the concerts as printed on the back of the season ticket, are as follows: Nov. 23, Dec. 7, Dec. 21, Jan. 18, Feb. 1, Feb. 15, March 1, and March 29.

THE LAST TWO BATEMAN CONCERTS, which just overreached our last review, were among the most interesting of the dozen, although BRIGNOLI had to be excused from one. They demand mention even at this late day, if only on account of the Mozart aria: "Non temer," which was new to all of us, and sung by Mme. PAREPA, with violin obbligato by ROSA. It is not from any opera, but a dramatic scene, with opening recitative, slow cantabile and quick finale, in the high and noble Donna Anna vein. Unluckily the wrong orchestral parts were sent, but with HATTON's nice piano accompaniment and ROSA it was still a rare treat to the few, if not to all. Then we must not forget the *Zitti, zitti* Trio, the Catalogue song of Leporello, and other capital buffo pieces by FERRANTI, the never failing; nor ROSA's playing of the Allegro of the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the lovely *Abendlied* of Schumann, for which the *encore* public got revenge in the shape of Paganini things, the Carnival, &c., wherein ROSA proved the match of any other charmer. We cannot recall all the good things; enough to say that the enthusiasm had not at all abated, and that Mr. Bateman feels bound to return to us this winter.

NEXT IN ORDER comes what, if not music, is most nearly related to it, the voice, the musical, expressive accent, the great dramatic art and genius of RISTORI, who will play Medea at the Boston Theatre next Monday, to be followed by Maria Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, Judith, and her other great parts during two weeks. It will be a rare opportunity, although the plays will be in the Italian; those who would improve it thoroughly must join Col. MAGGI's Italian reading classes for the study of the plays beforehand. It was our lot when abroad to see Ristori only once—a memorable experience! It was in Maria Stuart, and the state of mind in which it left us is very nearly expressed in what is said of her after the same play in the article which we have copied from the *Nation*. Observe, the critic surrenders himself cautiously, but that the impression of her genius grows with him as she goes on. Go, all who can, and see and hear Ristori. If your acquaintance with the Italian language goes no further than the opera librettos, you will still feel that you are listening to human speech in its perfection, to say nothing of soul, imagination, passion.

Meanwhile the Music Hall is closed to music for some weeks by a Catholic Fair. As soon as the ban is lifted, "Parlor Opera" awaits its turn there, beginning on Thursday evening, Nov. 8. There will be nice scenic arrangements, carefully composed little orchestra, conducted by Mr. WHITING, and *Don Pasquale* will be performed by Miss FANNY RIDDEL, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY (tenor), Mr. RUDOLPHSEN (baritone), and Dr. GUILMETTE as the gouty old Don. Those who have witnessed the rehearsals speak enthusiastically of the style in which it will be done. A fortnight later, probably, Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*) will be given for the first time in Boston. The business manager, Mr. PECK, sees great encouragement ahead.

On the 23d of November comes the first "Symphony Concert," and, probably on the following Sunday evening, the first Oratorio of the season, "St. Paul," by the Handel and Haydn Society, making that the week of the beginning of great things.

Mr. HERMANN DAUM intends giving during the coming season, three *Beethoven* matinées, beginning in November, and following at intervals of four weeks. He proposes to have both vocal and instrumental assistance, and will present some of the Sonatas for piano and violin, piano and 'cello, &c.

"JUDAS MACCAEBEUS" formed part of the programme of a five-days Musical Convention in Worcester this week, Carl Zerrahn conducting, and Mr. Solon Wilder, of Bangor, leading in other exercises. These "Conventions" are growing in importance, in fact beginning to approach the dignity of musical Festivals. Though they began, years ago, in rather a trading spirit, opening markets for new psalm books, &c., they have also developed a good deal of musical enthusiasm and diffused not a little musical culture among the yeomanry and daughters of New England. We shall yet have our choral societies from our own plains and mountains rivalling the Yorkshiresmen of the old country.

PHILADELPHIA. The *City Item* tells us :

The taste for classical music in Philadelphia is certainly growing rapidly. For a number of years the Germania Orchestra has given us a taste of the great masters, but now there is a desire for a series of Symphony Concerts, like those of New York and Boston; and to meet this wish, Messrs. Charles H. Jarvis and Charles M. Schmitz, two of our best musicians, have started a subscription for these concerts, to be given very soon. The best vocal and instrumental talent will be secured, and selections from Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and many others, will be given. The orchestra will be most carefully selected, and will number from forty to fifty musicians. Thus, the works of the great masters will be finely interpreted. Under the energetic baton of Mr. Schmitz, who is well known as one of our finest musicians—the Symphony Concerts cannot fail to be a great success.

MARETZK commenced a successful opera season of fifteen nights last week at the Academy of Music, with *"Crispino e la Comare."* The *Item* finds the instrumentation noisier and brassier than anything except Petrella's *Jone*—Verdi lovely in comparison; but cannot praise Ronconi too much for his great impersonation of the cobbler.

His make up was admirable, and his execution of the music very artistic. Without descending to buffoonery, he made the part of the consequential *Crispino* one of the most original and amusing I have ever seen. He is a wonderful man, and his comedy is as fresh and full of vivacity as that of a young singer flushed with his first triumphs.

Miss Kellogg, as *Annetta*, was very successful. She is full of grace, and her execution of the brilliant music of the part is deserving of high praise. The music is well suited to her high, flexible voice.

Signor Testa, as the *Count*, had but little to do, but sang very agreeably and looked very handsome. Bellini and Antonucci, as the Doctors, were excellent. Miss Stockton was well suited to the music of the *Comare*. The chorus was large and powerful, and the ensembles were very spiritedly given.

Crispino was not prefaced by an overture. Italian operas seldom are. The orchestra was well drilled, and did well. Altogether *Crispino* was a success, and should be repeated.

On Tuesday Verdi's well known *"Trovatore"* was given, with a fine cast, introducing Senora Carmen Proch, Mazzoleni, Mme. Testa, Bellini, and others. Verdi's brilliant music sounded very agreeably after its rest of some two or three years in Philadelphia.

The Senora Carmen Proch rendered the difficult role of *Leonora* with superb effect. She is young and inclined to *embouchure*, but is very graceful, with an expressive face and full, passionate voice. The severe music did not tell on her energies, and the last act was brilliantly rendered. Altogether her *debut* was a complete triumph. The other artistes sang exceedingly well—especially Mme. Testa, who threw into the characteristic music of *Azucena* all the force and concentration necessary to a thoroughly fine rendering. The whole opera passed off unusually well, and was warmly applauded throughout.

To night (Wednesday) Auber's superb *"Fra Diavolo"* will be given. It will be remembered that Auber, a couple of years ago, revised this opera, and added a *scena* for soprano, &c. All these additions will be given by the Italians. *"Fra Diavolo"* is one of their best performed operas.

On Thursday, *"Sonnambula"* will introduce Miss Hanck, a protégée of Jerome, of New York, who is said to possess a delightful voice. Signor Baragli, a new *tenor de grazia*, will appear.

Next week there will be a grand programme. We are promised *"L'Étoile du Nord,"* never performed in Philadelphia, and one of Meyerbeer's best comic operas. We are also to have *"Les Huguenots,"* *"Faust,"* *"Robert,"* *"Ernani,"* *"Don Giovanni,"* and many others. Perhaps Mr. Maretz's great success may induce him to remain longer than fifteen nights.

BLIND TOM has called forth some remarkable testimonials in London. These for instance :

"In justice to Blind Tom I have much pleasure in stating that I think him marvellously gifted by nature. I happened to be present at a performance of his at Southsea, and at the request of Mr. W. P. Howard began to test his abilities by extemporizing a short rhythmic piece, which he imitated to perfection, thus proving beyond all doubt that he did not impose upon the public by preparation.

"I then went so far as to play him that part of my

'Recollections of Ireland' in which the three melodies are blended, and even that he imitated with most of its intricacies and changes.

"Having tested his powers of analyzing chords, and found them all that I could desire, I next put my hands on the keys at random, and was surprised to hear him name every note of such flagrant discord. Tom's technical requirements are very remarkable, and his entertainment full of interest for the musician and amateur.

I. MOSCHELES.

"Southsea, Sept. 11, 1856."

"I have this day, for the first time, heard Blind Tom play on the pianoforte, and I was very much astonished and pleased by his performance. His natural musical gifts seem to me quite marvellous, and the manner in which he repeated several pieces I played to him, which he had evidently never heard before, was most remarkable. Perhaps the most striking feature was the extraordinary quickness with which he named any notes struck by me on the piano, either singly or simultaneously, however discordant they might be. I also named to him several notes, choosing the most difficult and perplexing intervals; these he instantly sang with perfect truth of intonation, although they might have puzzled a well-educated musician. Altogether, Blind Tom seems to me a most singular and inexplicable phenomenon.

CHARLES HALLE.

"Greenhous, 27th Sept., 1866."

A BELL THAT HAS TOLLED A TALE.—The bell heard in the first act of *Don Juan d' Autriche*, at the Theatre Francaise, is one of those which on the 24th of August, 1572, gave signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Put up for sale during the Revolution, all the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were bought by a founder named Flauban, who parted with the smallest of them to the theatre just named. It was tolled there for the first time at the theatre in 1801, at the first performance of *Edouard en Ecosse*, by Alexandre Duval.

A New York correspondent of the London *Musical World* relates the following story:—"The songstress, Carlotta Zucchi, has gone to Europe, if not with the golden opinions of all sorts of people, with forty thousand gold dollars, which Max Maretz paid her for her services during the last opera season. And here is a little incident concerning the exit of the prima donna that may be worth your attention, if only as illustrating the growing acuteness of those unpopular persons, the collectors of internal revenue. By some *hocus-pocus*, known only to themselves, they found out that Zucchi's name was booked on the passenger-list of a steamer, to sail in twenty-four hours after the discovery. There was no time to lose. Uncle Sam's tax-gatherer at once presented himself before the cantatrice, and, in as few words as possible, gave her to understand that on the 40,000 dollars in gold, which the indomitable Max had paid a day or two previously, eighteen hundred dollars and some odd cents was due to the government. The fair Italian demurred. She was not a citizen of this great country; she had never taken the oath of allegiance; she owed nothing to revenue-collectors or anybody else; and, to cut the matter short, it was intimated to the shovel-nosed collector that he might as well be gone about his business: the swindle would not be submitted to. Tax-gatherers, however, are proverbially persistent. The fellow would not be gone. Zucchi took advice, and finally paid the money, in a storm of melodramatic passion, (under protest).

A French paper asserts that in the composition of *"Semiramide,"* Rossini had a collaborator in no less a personage than Metternich. Rossini was directing the Italian Opera at Vienna and was very intimate with the prime minister. One day Metternich called on the maestro, and found him working at the *"Semiramide."* Looking over the subject in hand the diplomat found it cold and uninteresting, void of dramatic movement, and much below the subjects into which the great Mozart had infused his spirit. Telling Rossini as much, he set to work singing the *"Frenet eich das Leben."*

"There my friend," he cried, "why don't you do something like that? Or if you can't, why not introduce this little bit of Mozart into your work?"

Rossini was so taken with the idea, that he conceived the notion of making the passage the dominant motive of his new opera. It was a happy plagiarism; for Metternich himself could not have foreseen how much Rossini would make of the interpolated morsel.

Wagner, it is said, intends converting the story of William Tell into an opera.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Airy fairy Lilian. *Frank Elmore.* 40

Airy and fairy enough. Fine music, and words by Tennyson.

I'll meet thee at the lane. Song. Guitar. 40
The now favorite melody, arranged for guitarists by Hayden.

Salve Regina. "Gloria." *Girac.* 40
In the style of "Gloria" music before mentioned.

No name. Song and Chorus. *W. J. Hartshorne.* 30
A clever politico-comic song.

The Jelly-fish. Song and Chorus. *S.* 40
Comic, with a picture of the wonderful animal.

Ilma. Vocal waltz. *Arditi.* 60
Italian and English words. Very pretty, not very difficult, and excellent for vocalization.

Sunlight of the heart. Ballad. *J. Spiller.* 30
A sunny and cheerful song, which does one good to sing.

Gallant so gay. Ballad. *W. Thomas.* 30

Capital. The image of blushing little Maud, peeping out of the castle window, to see the knight depart, thus giving him opportunity to make a most gallant speech, which she does not at all appreciate, is almost visibly brought before one in the song.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye. Song. *Hutton.* 40

This favorite has been entirely re-written by the composer for this publication, and contains three verses instead of two. Sung "with great applause" by Brignoli. A very sweet song, and lovers who are "courting" could appropriately sing it at parting, were it not for "waking the folks."

Instrumental.

Sous la Fenetre. (Under my window).

Sydney Smith. 75

Quite elaborate and rather difficult. Brilliant.

L'Estasi. Valse Brillante. *Arditi,* arr by *Knight.* 50

La Femme du Barbu. Quadrille. *H. Marx.* 40

Two brilliant additions to our store of dance-music.

The first is very *Arditi*-like, and loses nothing by Mr. Knight's arrangement.

Palmer House Polka. *J. R. Haveman.* 40

Named in compliment to the Hotel, whose picture on the title will awaken pleasant reminiscences in the minds of those who have boarded there.

Lena. Varied. *S. C. Pratt.* 60

Contains a multitude of arpeggios, runs, &c., and is a fine field of practice. Difficult.

Sugar plum Schottisch. *M. Hassler.* 35

Over ears in love. Galop. " " 35

Last kiss. Waltz. " " 35

Not difficult, sparkling and pretty.

Dans ma barque. Caprice etude. *Ascher.* 70

Abundance of arpeggios, and materials for study, combined in light and graceful style.

Star Varsoviana. "Shells of Ocean." *E. Mack.* 30

Shooting Star Polka. " " 30

Portions of a very pretty set, easy and useful to teachers.

Cadet waltz. *B. A. Burditt.* 30

One of Mr. B.'s last musical efforts. Quite pretty and simple.

Books.

CONCONE'S 40 LESSONS for Contralto voice.

Book 1. \$2.50

It needs but an announcement of a new book by Concone, to secure a welcome from teachers. Book first contains about 25 of the studies.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every fourounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

